



The Monster That's Under My Bed



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Chapter 1 by Tanya287

Alone...

A feeling I never quite felt, because well I never was. Ever since the juvenile age of about six or so, maybe even younger I have felt this almost chilling atmosphere.

The first time I ever noticed this mysterious presence was when I was laying in bed, just after my parents have tucked me in and kissed me goodnight. At first, I heard a quiet thud coming from somewhere in the room. I didn't think much of it as I didn't hear anymore thuds throughout the night. But each night, a series of noises were heard and often underneath my bed. Sometimes it got so bad that I had to call my parents in to my room to check underneath the bed.

I was never one to believe in myths such as the Boogie monster, Tooth fairy, Santa Clause, etc. So for much of my life I remained skeptical, and questioned my sanity several times.

As I grew older I still heard various sounds coming from all over my room but I knew better than to ask my parents to check underneath my bed, as there seemed to be no sign of anything when

they did. It seemed to be only reserved in my room. So far I have come to accept it as the norm and it wasn't like if it had tried to See more of Story Wars it was until...

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Chapter 2 by Andi Krelling

I was starting to fall asleep when I heard it.

"Psssst."

I thought that maybe I was dreaming, but I pulled the covers up to my neck, as tightly as I could, and listened.

"Psssst."

It came from the closet. "Psssst. Hey, kid. Come and open the door, hey?"

I felt my eyes widen, as a chill ran down my spine.

"Come on, kid, I won't hurt ya, I just want to get out of here. Open the door and I'll be on my way."

The voice — its voice — was gruff, but not as gruff as I thought it would be.

"No," I said in a small voice, barely a whisper. "You... you just stay in there."

The handle shook a bit, and I screamed. Mum and dad were in the room before I knew it.

"It's in there!" I cried, "it's in there and it told me to open the door and let it out!"

They looked at each other. Mum walked across the room to me and sat down on the edge of my bed. "There, there, sweetie," she said, "you just had a bad dream is all.

"Richard, open the door and show her that there's nothing inside but clothes and toys."

"No! Dad! Don't open it!" I practically screamed.

"Fear not, my petal," he said, gallantly, "Any monsters inside this closet will get the thrashing of their lives!" He walked to the closet and knocked on the door. "Anyone in there? Hmm?"

He winked at me and shadow boxed the air in front of him.

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He smiled and said, "it's all right, sweetheart. Daddy's just going to show you that there's nothing to be afraid of, and then we can all go back to sleep."

Mum squeezed my hand. An audience laughed on the television downstairs. Dad turned the handle on the closet door and opened it. "Now, see? There's nothing to—"

The monster was covered in dark scales, like a lizard. Its eyes were jet black, but reflected something red in their centers. It grabbed my dad by his shoulders and bit into his neck with long, sharp, white teeth.

Dad screamed and struggled against it. Clawed hands held onto him and a spray of blood shot across the back of the closet door, black and shiny in the dim light.

It slurped and gurgled and crunched, and in a few seconds, dad stopped moving. I realized that my mum hadn't made a sound, but had let go of my hand.

She stood up, and walked toward the monster. It dropped my dad's body to the floor and grinned at her, dad's blood dripping off of its teeth and running down its chest. They stood over my dad's body and embraced.

Chapter 3 by Ray



We were in extreme shock.

My body quivered as blood ran passed my mom and I. Mom grabbed my hand and jerked towards the bedroom door, "run baby, run," she yelled. The door slammed shut, like a pair of invisible hands got there before we did. Panic shot through my body. Both of us looked back towards the closet door; Dads lifeless body still laying there in a fresh, dark red puddle.

"Tis, Tis," the creepy voice slurred as it spoke.

The creature slowly stepped from the empty blackness. It's black scales brilliantly gleamed in moonlight that shined through a window pane near the closet. It had a humanoid figure without

any type of visual genitalia. It walked in a crouching but threatening manner. Its claws resembled giant eagle like talons that ran down its forearms. They were all draped in my father's blood.

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My mom, the strong woman she was, whispered in my ear, "don't look at it, baby." However it was hard not to, especially when you had never seen anything like this in your life. Aside from the fact you had been telling your parents about the mysterious sounds you've heard your entire life.

Chapter 4 by Ollie Toast



"C'mon, I just wanna talk," the thing hissed at me. I shook my head, backing up. I felt my mother wrap her arms around me and press my head into her chest, hiding me from the creature. I kept hearing it come closer, heavy footstep after heavy footstep.

"Mommy!" I wailed, clutching at her, trying to get her to fight the thing or protect me, somehow! But my mother didn't. She stared right into its eyes, holding me close, but not lifting a finger to stop the creature.

"Thank you, Sierra, dear," The creature hissed, flicking it's tongue at my mother. I felt her nod. Then her arms left me, and the creature latched its claws around my middle.

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